

The Historie of

And our indentures tripartite are drawne  
Which being sealed interchangeably,  
(A busines that this night may execute.)  
To morrow coosen *Percy* you and I  
And my good Lord of *Worcester* will set forth,  
To meet your father and the Scottish power,  
As is appointed vs at *Shrewsbury*.  
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,  
Nor shall we need his helpe these foureteene daies,  
Within that space, you may haue drawne together  
Your tenants, friends and neighbouring Gentlemen.

*Glen.* A shorter time shall send me to you Lords,  
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,  
From whome you now must steale and take no leane,  
For there will be a world of water shed,  
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.

*Hot.* Methinks my moity *North* from *Burton* heere  
In quantity equals not one of yours:  
See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me from the best of all my land,  
A huge halfe *Moone*, a monstrous scantle out:  
He haue the currant in this place damnd vp,  
And here the smug and siluer *Trent* shall run,  
In a new channell, faire and euenly,  
It shall not wind with such a deepe indent  
To rob me of so rich a bottome here.

*Glen.* Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

*Mor.* Yea, but marke how he beares his course, & runs me  
vp, with like aduantage on the other side, gelding the opposed  
continent, as much, as on the other side it takes from you.

*Wor.* Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,  
And on this Northside, win this cape of land  
And then he runs straight and euen.

*Hot.* He haue it so, a little charge will do it.

*Glen.* He not haue it alred.

*Hot.* Will not you?

*Glen.* No, nor you shall not.

*Hot.* Who shall say menay?

Henry the Fourth.

*Glen.* Why, that will I.

*Hot.* Let me not vnderstand you then, speak it in *Welsh*.

*Glen.* I can speake *English* Lord, as well as you,  
For I was traind vp in the *English* Court,  
Where, being but yong, I framed to the Harpe  
Many an *English* dittie, louely well,  
And gaue the tongue a helpfull ornament:  
A vertue that was neuer seene in you.

*Hot.* Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,  
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,  
Then one of these same miter ballet-mongers:  
I had rather heare a brasen cansticke turnd,  
Or a dry wheele grate on the axle-tree,  
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,  
Nothing so much as minling Poetry:  
Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling nag.

*Glen.* Come you shall haue *Trent* turnd.

*Hot.* I doe not care, He giue thrice so much land  
To any well deseruing friend:  
But in the way of bargaine, marke yeme:  
He cauill on the ninth part of a haire.  
Are the indentures drawne? shall we begone?

*Glen.* The *Moone* shines faire, you may away by night:  
He haue the writer, and withall,  
Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,  
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*.

*Exit.*

*Mor.* Fie, cosen *Percy*, how you crosse my father.

*Hot.* I cannot chuse, sometime he angers me  
With telling me of the *Moldwarp* and the *Ant*,  
Of the dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies:  
And, of a dragon and a finlesse fish,  
A clip-wingd Griffin, and a moulten Rauens,  
A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat,  
And such a deale of Skimble skamble stuffe,  
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,  
He held me last night, at least, nine houres,  
In reckoning vp the seuerall duels names,

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That